## Memoirs of Old Astoria---1883-1954

## By August Hildebrand, Historian Astoria, Oregon, June 1954

The following story and obitiuary notice appeared in the Astorian-Budget May 28th and 29th

### Resident Here 77 Years, Dies

Mrs. Annie Cecelia Leathers, 79, a resident of Astoria for the past 77 years, died in a local hospital Wednesday. She had been in failing health for the past three months.

Born on April 3, 1875, in San rancisco, she came with her par-nts to Astoria as a child of two ears. She received her elementary ducation in Astoria and was gradu-ted from the Oregon College of ducation in 1897. Following her rehooling, she taught school in Grays iver, Chadwell, Westport and in the lderbrook school in Astoria.

She was very active in church and civic work in Astoria, being a member of the St. Mary Star of the Sea church, the St. Martha Altar Society, John Osburn, Guyon Blissett, Bill Van Oregan College of Education Alumnian Dusen and John Trullinger.

Association and the Historical society.

Surviving her are a son, Richard Marshall Leathers, Astoria; grandson, Richard Marshall Leathers III, As-toria; a niece, May Lions, and a nephew, Benjamin Leathers.

Additional information regarding services, which are planned for Wednesday morning will be announced by the Hughes-Ransom mortuary. She will lie in state at the St. Mary's hospital until Sunday and then will lie in state at her home 645 Exchange.

change.

ANNIE CECELIA LEATHERS

Services for Mrs. Annie Cecelia
Leathers, prominent Astorian, who
ad resided here for 77 years, will be
held at the St. Many's Catholic church
Wednesday at 10 a.m. The Very Rev.
Robert Neugebauer, pastor of the
church, will be celebrant of solemn
requiem high mass. Burial will be in
Mount Calvary cemetery, Portland,
with committal services there at 4
p.m.

The recital of the Rosary will be held Monday at 8 p.m. at the family home at 645 Exchange street by the Rev. John Sheridan.

# ONE BY ONE THE LEAVES ARE FALLING ONE BY ONE THE ROSES FADE!

When one thinks of Life of the Human, the Heartstrings are touched when one loses the companionhip, the acquaintanship, the social touch with one who, in the circle of one's observance, has passed on into the unknown. Since I first met ANNIE O'NEIL LEATHERS my thoughts have been with her as she was one of the many within my circle of age and association. Kinney's Cannery with its vast piles of large Chinook Salmon, with its Immense stacks of the canned product, the busy Orientals, the vast fleet of Columbia River sailboats, are ever traveling in ones mind, especially now as memories of the Olden and Golden days reoccur with the passing of

ANNIE O'NEIL LEATHERS

She was a person of a different post, nationality and different religious environment to my own—and yet the humon attraction unmistakingly was there as wanting to strive for a human understanding of the races.

When we notice the antagonistic tendencies of today, of different entitles to the teaching that true Christianity offers to the Human of good will, one shudders as to the future of our decendents.

enteries to the teaching mor true Christonity ories to the Future of vivill, one shudders as to the future of our decendents.

ANNIE O'NEIL LEATHERS

Had that calm disposition to let the other one warry about it. In her young years, labeling cans of Salmon in Kinney's Cannery, my respect rose for her, as I realized she wanted to easen the struggle of existence for widowed Mother.

Manual labor, shrewd investments and the blessings of the Almighty towed her and her future husband. The blessings of the Almighty was the natural result of correct doings, that should be remembered by her hadroid result of correct doings, that should be remembered by her beachers.

From the modest house of old, widowed lady O'Neil, on the pebbly beach at the foot of 4th and 5th Street (Now the Standard Oil Property)—with nearby Boat Shops of Marshall Leathers and his brother, manufacturing the formous Columbia River sallboats with their unique centerboards (as differing from the European side winsa) that bobbed up advisingly that threatening inversional contenters' Home. Isth and Exchange near St. Mary's Hogital (on the Old Fort Astoria site) ... around which Marshall Leathers St., himself built on ortificial stone wall ... a wall that I witnessed him building and that stood the ravages of time ... and

The Ocean House and The Genhart Hotel in co-partnership with the late K. Osborn family, and numerous other real estate, is an accumulation of wealth that is not duplicated in many families or locations.

The famous, world renowned American orator, Russel H. Convell, a Baptist, who interpreted possages of the Bible to their true meaning, lectured twice in Astoria, in the then Congregation Church (now the Citadel of the Solvation Army) I attended both lectures. One of the lectures was "Acres of Diamonds." It thought that "diamonds" may be picked up in one's back yard. No need of going to the end of the world and other positures. The O'Neil family, the Marshall Leathers family and the K. Osborn family apparently heedtd this advice.

During my early days I associated much with the late K. Osborn, amon of sterling character. I profitted by his advice.

These were the days of Orators. Besides Convell, Henry Ward Beecher, Jennings Bryan, Skopes, Douglas, Daniel De Leon and many others tried to sway humanity to their way of thinking. Torchlight processions highlighted the accasion, Republicans and Democrats. As a boy, with many other youngters, I may have been found in both processions with a "Hip-Hip-Hurnh" shout, yet trying to fathom the noblest endeavors of their organizations. Those were the days of the famous, numerous Columbia River Sallboats coming from the lower part of the river, with their falle weather Gaff salls set, aided by an incoming tide, sometimes beating the gas powered boats of fox Brothers, Jensen the inventor and Nelson Trayer of the old Autoria Iron Works, to deliver their catch to the many canneries (strung from Smith's Point to Tongue Point in Astoria, laden with the finest fish on earth ... and so, the passing of ANNIE O'NEIL LEATHERS conjured from Smith's Point to Tongue Point in Astoria, laden with the finest fish on earth ... and so, the passing of ANNIE O'NEIL LEATHERS conjured from Smith's Point to Tongue Point in Astoria, laden with the finest fish on earth ... and so, the passing of ANNIE O'NEIL LEATHERS conjured I'm my mind, in a koleidoscopic manner, pleasont memories of old Astoria, Old Astoria with its wooden houses and streets, built over the ever rushing wedient of the columbia, o

YES! OLD ASTORIA HAS A PAST-A GLORIOUS PAST: MAY GOD BLESS IT . . . TO HAVE A GLORIOUS FUTURE!